F. W. RAUCH'S

MELODIES.

No. 1. SHE STOOD THERE AT THE ALTAR	..Piano,	25	cts.—Guitar,	15	cts.—Piano, without words,	5	cts.
No. 2. GOOSETHERUMFOODLE	.....do..		cts....do..	15	cts.....do.....do....do..		cts.
No. 3. WHEN I'M FROM HOME	.....do..	25	cts....do..	25	cts.....do.....do....do..		cts.
No. 4. TAKE CARE	.....do.		cts....do..		cts.....do.... do....dc .		cts.

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299 WESTERN ROW.

PHILADELPHIA:
SEP. WINNER.

TO MISS LUCY L. BRAND.

WHEN I'M FROM HOME.

WORDS BY EDGAR C. BASS, ESQ. MUSIC BY F. W. RAUCH.

MODERATO.

DOLCE.

When I'm from home, kind Fa - ther, I

miss thy fos - tering care; And ev - - ery morn and

eve - ning I miss thy voice in prayer; Which so

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by F. W. RAUCH, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District Court of Ohio.

WHEN I'M FROM HOME.

VOICE.

MODERATO.

1. When I'm from home, kind Fa-ther, I miss thy fos-tering care;
And ev - ery morn and eve-ning I miss thy voice in prayer; Which so
oft is raised for me To God, in ac - cents mild; "My Fa-ther,
while he roams from me, Pro - tect my way-ward child, My Fa - ther, while he
roams from me, Pro - tect my way-ward child." 2. When I'm from home, loved
Mother, I miss thee in my glad-ness; There's none to smile with me in
joy, Or weep with me in sad-ness; There's none to speak such gen - tle words, Or
chide with such af - fec-tion; None to point thy child, in wild-ness, To Hea-ven's
safe pro - tec-tion, None to point thy child, in wild-ness, To Hea-ven's safe pro-
tec-tion. 3. When I'm from home, dear Brother, There's none to play thy
part; For I ne'er met a stran-ger friend Who had a brother's heart;

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2

Ne'er met a friend who spoke so oft Of joys that were to be; O,
how 't would cheer this lone-ly hour, My Broth-er's face to see, O, how 't would
cheer this lone - ly hour, My Broth-er's face to see. 4. When I'm from
home, sweet Sis-ter, I miss none more than thee; There's not an hour, each
pass-ing day, That you're for - got by me; I miss thee when the morn-ing
breaks, And at the twi-light hour; But most I miss, 'mid youth's al - lur-ing, Thy
love's re - strain-ing power, But most I miss, 'mid youth's al - lur-ing, Thy love's re-
strain-ing power. 5. When I'm from home, my Fa-ther, And
from my pray-ing Mother, And from my Sis-ter's love - lit eye, And from my
smi-ling brother, I hope you oft will think of me, And bless me as I
roam; For I shall ev - er love and bless You all, when I'm from home,
For I shall ev - er love and bless You all, when I'm from home.

oft is raised for me To God, in ac - - cents

mild; My Fa - ther, while he roams from me, Pro-

- - tect my way - ward child, My Fa - ther, While he

roams from me, Pro - tect my way - - ward child.

8va.